# WASTEPAPER.

From The London Speciator. Here in this dusty drawer repose,
For better fate equipped.
My daughters Muriel, Mand and Rose,
In careful manuscript.
And here is little Miss Lynette
Who figures in my novelette.

Oh, rest! and may no vulgar eyes Your privacy profane, sweet heroines for the worldly wise Too simple and too sane: oh, rest, the bookstalls and the crowd Want something spicy, werd or lond.

Poor Mand, the one I liked the best,
Was voted somewlat slow;
Rose "lacked sufficient interest,"
And Muriel wanted "20.7"
While as for little Miss Lynette,
she was rejected "with regret."

Must all these maids, whom once I thought
A marketable brood,
Sink to their graves unsold, unbought,
Unprinted, unreviewed?
Or shall I venture Mand & Co.
Once more in Paternoster Row? I dare not. Luckless and forlorn

I dare hot. Licens and the library of the library of many a night and dawn, Dear dreams of many a night and dawn, Dear children of my pen; Murdel, Rose and Miss Lynette, My novels and my novelette.

A fourth did not leave, but retired to a far end A journ did not leave, but retired to a far end the room and went on with the sewing. I noticed what a tiny garment she was making, and what a sharply-cut silhouette her face made against the white curtain of the window by which

Helen chatted away, apologizing for her hus-Helen chatted away, apologizing for her husband's absence, asking a host of questions, and planning some pleasure for every one of the days of my stay with her. I lay back in my chair, with a feeling of languid content, and listened. When Helen suggested sleep and refreshment. I declined both, feeling no need of anything but her presence and that delicious room, the atmosphere of which was laden with rest as with the scent of lilacs.

of which was laden with rest as with the scent of tilacs.

The black woman sat directly in the line of my vision, and I remember now that my gaze never strayed from her. I noticed, idly at first, then with interest, the regularity of her features and the grand proportions of her head and bust. Her hair, brownish in color, with dull copper tints, was as straight as my own, and she had a hand and arm so perfectly moulded that, everyt for their black skin, they might have been these of a lady of high degree. But it was the pride, speaking from every line of that dark face, that most attracted my notice. There was in it, too, an exultant sense of power, and it was the most resolute face, black or white, that I ever saw.

Presently I began to feel that it required an effort to keep the thread of what Helen said, and to reply. Her voice seemed to get faint, then to come in snatches, with an indistinct nurmur between them; at last, not at all, though I knew she was still speaking.

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From me a narrow path of light stretched down

I was not unconscious, but perception was contracted and concentrated upon one abnormal effort. From me a narrow path of light stretched down the room to the black woman. She seemed to expand and to grow luminous; a vapor exhaled from her, floated to the middle of the path-way, and there assumed her own form, almost nucle, perfect like her face in its every line, motingless as if carved from chony, but with flerce, impure eyes that looked straight into mine and from which there seemed to be no escape.

Their gaze beyon an overwhelming sense of disgust. My soul shuddered, but my body could not move. The evil face smiled. A cloud floated over the form of chony, slowly passed away, revealing one like poished ivory, but the eyes changed not.

How long their gaze held me motionless and helpless I do not know. Suddenly, something white shut out the vision, and my sister's voice, harsh now and loud, struck upon my hearing like a lash. Instantly the room assumed its ordinary appearance, the scent of the lilaes greeted me as if I had newly come into the atmosphere, and Helen, in her white dress, stood before me trembing.

The negress at the window looked at us both Helen, in her white dress, stood before trembling.

The negress at the window looked at us both with insolent amusement. It was to her that

Helen spoke.
"How dare you!" she exclaimed; "oh, that I

could punish you as you deserve!"
The girl smiled and slowly drew her needle through the cloth in her lap.
"Go out to Lucas," commanded Helen. "Go!"

"Go out to Lucas," commanded Helen. "Go!"
The girl drew herself up, and her face took an expression of sullen defiance. It seemed for an instant that she would not obey. She clenched her hands, and I heard her teeth grate together. But she hesitated only a moment, then went slowly out of the room. Presently she passed by the window, pushing a heavy barrow full of earth. Lucas, the gardener, followed, carrying a long gad. In a minute or two they passed signin, going in the same direction, and afterward again and again. The girl was pushing the barrow around and around the house.

"That is the heaviest and most menial employment I can devise for her," said Helen; "I wish there were something worse. She grows more impadent every day? but this is the first time she has dared to exert her snaky power upon a white person in my presence. How did you feel

Dear children of my pen.

Dear children of my pen.

Mand, Muriel. Rose and Miss Lynette.

Ny novels and my novelette.

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THE SORCERY OF ASENATH.

People often ask me why I gave up a promising business career and devoted myself to travelling, in which I flad no pleasure: exploring! for which I have no instet; and archaeology, which is to me the most thring of poresults. The question has never been answered, save by the statement that there is no reason to sively which involves the telling of an increase the street of the lines of an exist on the tell ing of an increase extract that the street in the stone tablets of races extinct for ages. For such a truth, I am servishing, new to us, may be gleased from the stone tablets of races extinct for ages. For such a truth, I am servishing have called up, as the woman at Endor called up Samuel, and questioned it. He told me that the knowledge had sent it to the world of shades before its time, and hap put power into the hands of an evil on, who had bidden it never in any place to reveal to any mortal what it knew.

"Even yet I must obey her," said the spirit of Paul Glen; but what you seek is written. It is true.

It is many years now since I went South to visit my sister Helen, I had not seen nor since I was a servent to any mortal what it knew.

"Even yet I must obey her," said the spirit of Paul Glen; but when the seed of a few lands and the second of lines and the development of the hands of an evil on, who had bidden it never in any place to reveal to any mortal what it knew.

"Even yet I have the man and the spirit of Paul Glen; but the spirit of Paul Gl

satiated animal, chuckled and poked at Asenath with the gad.

The girl stopped. She threw down her burden, flung back her head, and turned upon Helen a wild and vicious stare. Her face, streaming with perspiration, was full of threat. She gasped for breath from emotion or the heaviness of her toil. She raised one hand, wiped her brow with its open palm, and flung the drops of sweat in a shower at Helen.

"May every drop curse you!" she said, between her labored breaths.

Helen looked at her with quiet scorn. "Go on, Lucas," she said, calmly.

Asenath shook herself, like a chained animal. She ground her teeth and turned upon Lucas in fury, as if she would rend him. He did not quail, but raised his gad threateningly and pointed to the barrow-handles, and, after a momentary struggle with herself, the girl took them up and went on, panting under her toil.

"She shall continue that until she drops," said my sister.

"Ent Helen, that surely is cruel."

speak to Robert about the manner to him had an appealing, almost fawn in an instant, shrunged his shoulders, and curied in an instant, shrunged his shoulders, and the manner of slaves. Helen feads that girl the life of a tond under a harrow, because the other darkeys say she 'hoodoos' them, and because my mother had some irrational ideas about demoniacal possession. I declare to you, should be ashamed of her treament of Asenath, who is a good, well-trained house-servant, and valuable."

"But she is an annoyance that Helen should not have to contend with now."

How is she to be got rid of?" he demanded, and helen cannot live. I must love the hall industry the should be ashamed of her treament of Asenath for the proper of this misch the hall industry the hall industry the hall and the value between the hall industry the hall industry the should be ashamed of her treament of Asenath has been annoted by the help of the should have the hall industry the h

"She has it at command. Lucas shall take her in hand again."
"No, we will have no more of that," Robert said sternly. "Now, hear me, Helen, I have told Lucas that if he obeys you in that respect again he shall be flogged within an inch of his life, and I mean it."

Helen's face turned very white, her hands fell into her lan, and she sat as if stricken helpless.

and nurmured to here.

Is it worth while, when human desires are so poor, human life so short?

Through the door there floated not a voice, for the silence was only broken by a faint, soft hum; like very distant music, but an unspoken command that impressed itself upon the spirit.

"Speak!"

besitated Suddenly her lips

"Speak!"
Still the woman hesitated. Suddenly her lips moved again, mine followed them: "But only through this can he be won."
"I would have the desire of my heart," she said cloud aloud.

"It is thine," was the silent answer; "to him who knocks at this door shall it be opened, and what he asks for there shall he receive, whether for good or ill. It is the law."

"I would be fair, like those who enslave me. All that she has"—she pointed to my sister—"I would take from her and have for my own."

"The power to obtain thy will is thine, whether thou be of the just or of the unjust. The spirit which cometh shall be obeyed. It is the law."

"And is there a penalty to be paid."

"Thy act is the seed from which its penalty shall grow."

the standard of the particular property of the p limited city quarters were filled to overflowing. You know I'm one of those unfortunates compelled by the exigencies of business to work at night; and often when I reached home between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning I would find all the beds occupied, with several affectionate relatives sleeping on the lounge. Early the next forenoon before I had gotten half

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So sing songs to your brown sweeting.

Let no cares disturb your rest;

While below her fond heart heating.

Speckled eggs are in the nest.

You've a house and a house-mate. Feathered daughters and a son! So your duty to the state. As bird-citizen, you have done

Therefore shall be keep you waking !—
That brown bird of night, afar.
Singing songs, divine, heart breaking.
Of a bird's love for a star.

Yet my blackbird might grow pale, Just to hear the nightingale.

THERE ARE SOME PEARLS-By Cora Fabbri.

There are some pearls which lie beneath the sen—
So deep, so deep.
No diver's hand can reach, nor eye behold.
The waters keep
Their treasure safely hid and all untold.
Through years and years, through storms that o'er it
wildtl.

the representatives of the Stuarts, but, as pointed out in Chambers's Encyclophedia, they are not descendants of the Stuarts.

Queen Victoria is guilty of a singular absurdity, in one of her books, when she proudly calls herself, with true royal and feminine Toryism, "the representative of the Stuarts." Her house was chosen for the very reason that its clevation signalized the national rejection of the Stuarts. The Act of Settlement shows that she is not only not the representative of Charles the First, but is not even the representative of his sister Elizabeth until all the posterity of Elizabeth's sons shall be extinct, for the act passes over the sons and over the eldest daughter, the Abbess of Manbisson, and fixes of the younger daughter, Sophia, as being a Protestant. The present dynasty, therefore, reigns by no antiquated right of descent, but by a true act of national election. Victoria is not the representative of the suarts, but, which is an infinitely higher dignity, she is, by a free act of national choice, the representative of the majesty of mighty England. And perhaps the now decaying British monarchy would do well to close its long and litustrious and virtuous reign.

I may remark that the present representative of

said one of two, "we're all here, that alters the case to ring the church bell, seein' you're neither dead nor afire, blessamercy!"

"Oh, if you're all here, that alters the case; for 'tis only a proclamation I have to give you, at present. To-morrow mornin'—Glory be to God!—at ten in the forenoon I give warnin' that divine service will take place in the parish church. An' so you'd best set to and clean out the edifice, for I'm thinkin'," he added, "it'll be needin' that."

"Yau're sartin you're not feelin' poorly, St. Piran, dear?" asked one of the women.

"Tisn't that at all," the Saint answered, "but I've had a vision."

"Don't you often?"

"H'm, but this was a particular vision; or may be a bit of a small bird came and whispered it into my ear. Anyway, 'twas revealed to me just now in a dream that all the saints were sittin' together at Bodmin and plottin' against us. There was St. Petroc in the chair, an' St. Guron, St. Neot, St. Udy, St. Enodar, St. Fimbarrus, St. Teath, St. Wen, St. Veryan, St. Probus, St. Keverne, St. Just—the whole passel of 'em. An' they were agreein' there was no holiness left in this parish of mine. 'Twas all very well,' said St. Neot, when his turn came to speak, 'but this state o' things ought to be exposed.' He's as big as bull's beef, that fellow, ever since he performed that miracle over the fishes, and reckons he can disparage an old man who was makin' mill-stones to float when he was just able to suck a coral. But the upshot is that they're goin' to pay us a visitation to-morrow, by surprise. And, if only for the parish credit, we'll be even wid um, by dad!"

St. Piran only lapsed into his native Irish when strongly excited. St. Piran only lapsed into his native Irish when

rougly excited. But he had hardly done, when Andrew Penhaligon came running in—
"St. Piran, dear, I've looked everywhere: an'
be hanged to me, if I can find the church at all!"
"Wat's become of ut?" cried the Saint, sitting

up sharply.
"How do I know? But devil a trace can I "How do I know? But devil a trace cansee."
It was there. I'll be sworn," said St. Piran.
"That's a true word," said the old man, "for
I remember it well. An elegant tower it had, an'
a shingle roof."
"Spake up, now," said the Saint, glaring around,
"which uv ye's gone an' mislaid my parush,
church? For I won't believe," he said, "that it'd
any worse than carelussnuss—at laste, not yet-abit."

have some chance." But as far as could be reach lected, the building had only a dumpy tower. It was at sunrise that St. Piran, worn out and hear-sick, spoke from one of the tall mounds where he had been digging for an hour.

"My children, he said, and they all uncovered their leads, "we are going to be disgraced, this day an' the best we can do is to pray that we may bear it like men. Let us pray."

It knelt on the great sandhill, and the men and comen around went on their knees also. And then St. Piran prayed the famous prayer that has made his name famous all the world over.

"Hear the O Lord," he said, "and be debonair; for ours is a very particular case. We are not like the mon of St. Noot, or those of St. Udy, who are bothering Thee with supplications and prayers every day of the week and upon the slightest occasion. It is only with great cause that we bring ourselves, as now, to trouble Thee. Therefore regard us and help us now. Amen."

There was silence for a moment or two as he ceased; and then the kneeling parishioners lifted their eves toward the top of the mound.

St. Piran was nowhere to be seen!

They stared and looked at each other. A few of the women becam to sob.

"Hullo! Hush a bit and hearken!" cried Andrew Penhaligon suddenly.

A muffled voice was calling as it were from the bowels of the earth.

"Fetch a ladder!" it said: "fetch a ladder, I've found en, sonnies—I've found 'en,'"

They brought a ladder and set it against the mound. Three of the men elimbed up. At the top they discovered a large round hole, from the lip of which they scraped the sand away, uncovering a patch of shingle roof, through which St. Piran—whose weight had increased with age—had broken and tumbled into his own church.

Three hours later, when the Visitation arrived, Three hours later, when the Visitation arrived, it found the parish deserted. Every cottage door was fast closed nor could any amount of knociking elicit an answer. St. Piran's small hut was empty. A meagre breakfast of herbs was set out on the table, and a scourge lay, somewhat ostentatiously, beside the platter. Outside the beach stretched away beside the breakers, with not a human shape in sight.

The visiting saints paced the sand in some wonder. They were still wondering, when a dull, rhythmical sound arrested their feet.

"What on earth—"began St. Neot.

"It sounds," said St. Petroe, who had been listening for some moments, with his head on one side, "it sounds very like a hymn."

They proceeded a few paces and the noise grew

side, "it sounds very like a hymn."

They proceeded a few paces and the noise grew louder. It led them at length to an enormous mound of sand, from the top of which the chant was pouring, as fire from a crater. The saints set their ears to the sandy wall. They walked round it and listened again. Finally, St. Petroc knocked, and shouted loudly.

The chant ceased. For a full minute nothing happened; and then St. Piran's head was thrust cautiously forward over the summit.

"Holy St. Petroc! Is it you after all? And St. Neot—and St. Enodar. O, glory be!"

"Why, who did you imagine we were?" St. Petroc asked, still in amazement.

"Why, throat-cutting Danes, to be sure, by the way you were coming over the hills when we

"Why, throat-cutting Danes, to be sure, by the way you were coming over the hills when we spied you, three hours back. And the trouble we've had to cover up our blessed church out of sight of thim marautherin' thieves! An' the intire parish gathered inside here, an' singin' holy songs in expectashun of present death. An' to think 'twas you holy men, all the while! But why didn't ye send word ye was comin', St. Petroc, darlint? For it's little but sand ye'll find for breakfast, I'm thinkin'."—(Q. in The Speaker.

## BECOMING LEFT-HANDED SUDDENLY. From The Boston Post.

From The Boston Post.

Three years ago a young lady of Fall River, Mass., was hit upon the left side of her head by a failing sign as she was walking along a street in Boston. This was followed by brain fever. After some weeks she was as well in mind and body as ever, but from a right-handed person she had become so left-handed that she could neither cut, sew or write with her right hand, but found it easy to do all these things with her left. Her right hand was just about as useful as her left had been before she was hurt. What is strange is that, with so recent a change in the use of her hands, she never makes an awkward motion, and is as graceful in the use of her left hand as if she had been born left-handed.